

W O N D E R upon W O N D E R: O R T H E C O C O A T R E E's A N S W E R T O T H E S U R R E Y O A K.

To the Tune of WILLIAM and MARGARET,

I.
TWAS in the Dark and dead of Night,
Hard by St *James's* Square:
Where many a Squire and many a Knight,
Brimful of Wine and Care.

II.
Anxious for *Britains* Glory met,
Regardl'ss of their own;
On Matters high their Thoughts were bent,
But chiefly on *Mabon*.

III.
Leives and Routs alike were o'er,
The Gay their Chambers keep,
Ev'n *Arthur's* Dice are heard no more,
And all but Patriots sleep,

IV.
When as this Council silent set,
All waiting for the Toast;
A Shrill and hollow Voice was heard,
Which streight they thought a Ghost.

V.
Till full before the *Argus* Eyes,
With Flowers and Berries crown'd;
Behold a Cocoa Tree arise,
And thus harrague around

VI.
" Shall home-bred Oaks presume to prate,
" And Foreign Plants be dumb,
" Pry in the Misteries of State,
" Affairs abroad, at home?

VII.
" Unmanner'd Plant, fit Food for swine,
" Thy Slander vile forbear,
" And bend before N——'s Feet,
" With reverent Awe and Fear.

VIII.
" By Sons of his thy brawny Ribs,
" From *Gallie* Shot are free;
" And tho' *Mabon* perhaps be ta'en,
" *Gibraltar* may not be.

IX.
" What if in *Ned's* old-fashion'd Days
" We beat'em black and blue,
" Some wondrous Captain yet may rise,
" And drub Le Chien *Richlieu*.

X.
" For Foreign Aid the Scheme is good,
" Or else I'm much mistaken;
" By that we risque our Neighbours blood,
" And save the *British* Bacon.

XI.
" Why should we moan for *Dunkirk* sold,
" Or *Calais* lost and gone?
" We'll have it safe the *French* once land,
" A *Calais* of our own.

XII.
In vain thy Giant Freedom scares;
" Subdued by conquering *France*,
" We soon shall loose those jealousies
" and see the Giant dance.

XIII.
" What though our Navies now retreat
" They soon may fight again,
" And fighting for the *Gallie* crown
" Regain the Realms of *Charlmaigne*.

XIV.
" How can F——x be Freedom's terror,
" Friend to Patriots C——d,
" He whose mighty Arm extended,
" Once has sav'd this tottering Land?

XV.
" He whose Genius keeps the Balance
" To such wonderful Nicety,
" 'Twixt slavery from standing Troops,
" And *British* Liberty.

XVI.
" Loose the Nobles! Arm the People!
" O thou rough unpollish'd Oak!
" To make a Soldier, spoil a Beau,——
" The Cocoa-tree has spoke.